[ficlet] Human AU: Abandoned

• Mar. 28th, 2011 at 3:38 AM

Title: Human AU: Abandoned.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Lucifer, Michael, Raphael.
Word Count: 967 words.
Summary: It's Gabriel's turn to forget.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt abandoned being used for this one. Eighteen down, twelve to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Lucifer doesn't need Gabriel to say anything before he knows what has happened: he can see the confusion plainly in his face, and he can see Gabriel's mind working to fill in blanks that weren't there before.

"Your name is Gabriel," Lucifer says, and this confirms it, there is fear curling deep in his belly as he realizes that he is next.

"And you are?" Gabriel says, and Lucifer sees Michael flinch out of the corner of his eye.

"Lucifer. This is Michael. We're brothers. Raphael's upstairs, probably still sleeping. He's forgotten just as much as you have," Lucifer says, the words toneless. He doesn't want to see Gabriel like this.

He doesn't want to remember who Gabriel was at all.

"...Okay, I'm amnesiac. Does this happen often for you guys? And what's with the names? Don't tell me we're all angels in hiding or something like kids from a really religious family, because that would be lame, and I'm not into lame things right now. Amnesia's a bad enough cliche as it is."

Lucifer begins to wonder if this is really Gabriel, or if something went wrong when God took his memories.

"Well?" Gabriel says, and Lucifer blinks.

"What?" He asks.

"I asked a question. You gonna answer it, or are we going to stare at each other for the rest of eternity?"

"Which question would you like me to answer first?"

"Any! I don't care! I just want answers, jesus, this doesn't have to be so hard - " Gabriel notices Michael's glare and returns it. "What are you looking at?"

"If you make a single remark about his language you will be a hypocrite," Lucifer tells Michael mildly.

"...Don't tell me you're all religious fanatics."

"We're not," Lucifer says. "At least, I'm not. I would advise that you avoid pursuing questions about that for the time being."

"Why?"

Michael stands up abruptly. "I'll be upstairs," He announces, and Lucifer watches him turn to go before stopping.

Raphael's in the doorway, looking sleep-tousled and missing his shirt.

"What's going on?" he asks.

Lucifer doesn't know where to begin, now. He watches Michael stop, now indecisive, and he watches Gabriel saunter in to get a glass of water.

"Apparently I'm missing my memory," He volunteers, and waves at Rapahael. "You Raphael?"

"That is my name, yes," Raphael says, and cautiously enters the room. Lucifer still considers the sight of Raphael without his memories to be more painful than seeing Gabriel, and for good reason.

It's almost unnatural to see Raphael so open, so innocent like this. Gabriel, even as a human, still has his defenses and a sharp wit and he still knows so much about being a human that Lucifer knows they will be relying on him in the days to come.

"Huh," Gabriel says, and sips his water. "Right, back to business. Lucy, you were going to answer my questions, right?"

"Which question do you want answered first?"

Gabriel sighs and shrugs. "Either. Or go with the first one: does this amnesia business happen often around here?"

"No. This is a unique event."

"Then why are you acting like you were expecting this?"

"Because we were expecting this. Perhaps not so soon, but..." Lucifer trails off, wondering how to explain the rest of it to Gabriel. Wondering if he even wants to try explaining.

"Yes? Go on?" Gabriel eyes him. "Or are you hiding something? I bet you're hiding something. C'mon, you can tell me."

"You talk too much," Michael says.

"Something wrong with that?" Gabriel shoots back, looking annoyed.

"Yes," Michael says, and Lucifer would agree with him, but...no, he doesn't want a fight here. Not with Gabriel. Not when he's like this.

"I would prefer that we avoid a fight now," Lucifer says mildly, not expecting anything favorable to happen. They're all (well, perhaps not Raphael) wound up too tightly, and where once Gabriel had known when to back off, this Gabriel doesn't understand. Doesn't

understand anything, really.

"...You would call me a hypocrite," Michael tells him. "You seemed all to eager to provoke me earlier."

Lucifer sighs and raises his hands.

"That was different. This situation is different."

"I'm still not getting answers over here," Gabriel complains.

Lucifer thinks he understands why Gabriel thought alcohol would be a good idea, earlier. He picks up the pencil from where Michael abandoned it on the table and puts it away, simply to have something to do.

He doesn't answer either of them, even as he feels Michael's glare and hear Gabriel's impatience. (How do you hear impatience? When you can hear Gabriel tapping his glass on the counter rapidly.)

"I'll be upstairs," Michael says at last, and departs.

"I'll follow you around," Gabriel tells Lucifer.

"Lucifer, if you don't mind, I would be interested in getting a more thorough explanation for the situation than the one Gabriel gave me," Raphael says.

"...When I meant 'in the beginning', I didn't mean *this*," Lucifer mutters to himself, and steels himself before he turns around. "The room with the couch would be an ideal location for this. I will be there shortly, once I have a drink."

Lucifer is going to yell at Michael later for abandoning him down here with this task.

"So, Raph, what story did I tell you before I lost my memories?" Gabriel asks as he goes into the living room.

"Don't tell him," Lucifer says. "Gabriel wasn't telling it coherently at the time."

"He wasn't?" Raphael asks, turning to look at him.

It feels so strange to have to say this, especially to Raphael.

"Please, trust me about this," Lucifer says, and seriously reconsiders his opinion on lying, as telling the truth here is going to be overly difficult.

"Okay," Raphael says, and Lucifer follows him into the living room.

Previous | Next